

# THE GAS COMPANIES CONFESS JUDGMENT.

The Consolidated and Mutual Gas Companies have suddenly reduced the price of gas from \$1.10 to 65 cents per thousand feet. By this action they confess that they have been robbing their customers of millions of dollars a year. They confess that all the allegations of the Journal about the low cost of producing gas are true.

If these corporations could not sell gas at a profit at 65 cents per thousand they would not offer to accept that rate.

It is significant that although Consolidated stock fell off fourteen points after the tremendous slice of 45 cents of "velvet" was sliced off the profits on every thousand feet of gas, it still sold at 177, and this in the face of the Ford tax on franchises. Gas at 65 cents is considered good enough for that.

Three years ago the price of gas in this city was \$1.25 per thousand. The Journal tried to have it reduced to a dollar. The companies—the same companies that offer now to sell it for 65 cents—said that the Journal and the Democratic members of the Legislature who stood with it were demagogues. They said that dollar gas would mean the confiscation of capital. Mr. Platt agreed with them, and the best his Legislature would do for the consumers was to pass a law by which the price was to be reduced by annual instalments of 5 cents each, so that it would get down to a dollar in five years.

When the late Legislature met, the Democrats, with increased understanding of the subject, attempted to cut the rate to 90 cents. Again Mr. Platt and the Republican machine resisted. Meanwhile the

Journal was demanding the establishment of a municipal gas plant. It proved, by the experience of other cities and expert analyses of the items of expense, that the actual cost of delivering gas at the burner did not exceed 35 cents per thousand, and that it could be sold at an ample profit for 50 cents.

No doubt the Journal's agitation for municipal ownership is directly responsible for yesterday's reduction.

Nominally the action of the Consolidated and Mutual Companies is a move in the war with the New Amsterdam and Standard Companies, but doubtless the far-sighted managers of the old monopoly saw that the need of forestalling municipal enterprise was more urgent than that of cutting under private competition. If there were nothing but the other companies to consider, a cut from \$1.10 to 65 cents would be a most extravagant form of rate war, but nothing less would offer any hope of conciliating a public educated by the Journal in a knowledge of the fact that 50-cent gas is liberal for a municipal plant.

The Journal congratulates the public upon the tremendous saving consumers are about to make in their gas bills, and only regrets that there is no way of enforcing restitution of the scores of millions of dollars of which the companies have robbed their patrons during the past few years through what they now admit by their own actions to have been grossly extortionate charges.

But there is still a good margin for a municipal plant and  
**FIFTY-CENT GAS.**

## AN INNESS, A WOUND AND A BALM.

NEW ACCESSIONS TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

MAY appears with hands full of violets and the doors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art open. There are new paintings, new statues, new medals and jewels. The old is similar to itself, like the leaves and the flowers in the fields, and like them it seems new. It is enchanting.

In front of Inness's "Delaware Valley" grave personages have frowned a little. They were ten and given money to buy Winslow Homer's "Eight Bells" at the sale by auction of Thomas R. Clarke's collection. The commission was not executed.

Their messenger, saying to himself that the picture would be too costly, ceased to bid for it at a point where a stranger began. Then the money of the ten was placed upon Inness's "Delaware Valley."

Of Inness the museum had already "Pine Grove of the Barbarian Villa, Albano, Italy," the gift of Lyman G. Bloomingdale; "Peace and Plenty," the gift of George A. Hearn; "Sunset on the Passaic," lent by George R. Waters; "Autumn Oaks" and "Evening," gifts of George I. Seney.

The museum has nothing by Winslow Homer. The ten frowned. One said: "I have no other way of realizing that I know something other than the art of making money than to buy the most valuable works of art. Inness is valuable always, certainly, but not so valuable as Winslow Homer to a museum that has nothing of him and several works of Inness. I subscribed for a Homer, and here I have the air of having subscribed for an Inness. Do you know how difficult it is to spend a great deal of money wisely? No; not even how to spend it unwisely? How happy you are?"

Inness has the gift of dissipating clouds. The ten ceased to frown. It is a magic picture that Inness has painted in the "Delaware Valley." But Winslow Homer's "Eight Bells" is magic, also, and the stranger who bought it will not exchange it for all the pearls of Golconda. Inness's "Delaware Valley" gave grief to the ten, but it pleased them also, as the balm is in the wound that a generous tree inflicts.

Other accessions of paintings are Henry Mosler's "A Wedding Feast in Brittany," brilliant in color and composition, the gift of Jacob H. Schiff; "Old Bruton Church, Virginia, in the Time of Lord Dunmore," by A. Wordsworth Thompson, the gift of Mrs. Mary P. Thompson; Ary Scheffer's "Peter's Repentance," austere, tragic and learned, the gift of Edward Brandus; "Meditation," a nun holding a prayer book, by Charles Sprague Pearce.

There are two portraits by Waldo and Jewett, the gift of Mrs. Mary E. Kellogg Putnam; "Love's Crown," by Henry A. Loop, the gift of Mrs. Loop; a "Coast Scene," the wreck of a ship on rocks under a dark sky bordered with saffron, by Courbet, the gift of Mrs. Mary Goldenburg, who gave, also, Alfred Stevens's delightful "After the Ball" and Jacques's "Landscape with Sheep." Mrs. Goldenburg has made in these gifts little monuments to her good taste.

There are Daniel Mytens's "Portrait of Charles L.," a "Landscape" and a "Glance of the Sea," by A. H. Wyant, both beautiful, lent by George H. Horn. There is, lent by J. M. Lichtenauer, "A Winter Landscape," of Theodore Robinson, that makes intense one's regret for a work of the same artist that the Museum did not accept—in distrust of "impressionism," it is said. That is denied. Let the "impressionists" have the glory of martyrdom. The Museum owns nothing by Theodore Robinson.

There are Emanuel Leutze's "Portrait of the Artist's Son," lent by Miss C. B. Arnold; George H. Story's "Young Mother," lent by Mrs. Story;

## "MOTHER GOOSE" A MISNOMER, SAYS ALAN DALE OF THE FOURTEENTH STREET PLAY.

There is nothing essentially juvenile about the "Mother Goose" extravaganza that was done at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. To be sure, the cast of characters included such well known nursery favorites as the Knave of Hearts, Little Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Red Riding Hood and Little Bo-Peep. These reminiscences of the days when we were young, however, were used by the "librettists" as pegs upon which to hang the usual ditty jests about Croker, the Mazet committee and other sparkling topicalities for which extravaganzas are dressed—or undressed—nowadays. There was nothing pretty, fascinating or poetic about this "Mother Goose," as we had fondly hoped. For big children somehow or other have had big doses of alleged burlesque in this city, and they were dimly expecting, as an entertainment for little children, something less garish and noisier and, above all, less topical.

The idea of "Mother Goose" is good enough. Is there a "grown-up" living who doesn't harbor tender memories of Little Sally Waters, and Jack and Jill, and Margery Daw, and Tommy Tucker? Can you name to me an adult who would not secretly rejoice at an incarnation of those jolly youthful spirits that brightened the nurseries? They all appear in "Mother Goose." But that is all. They talk with the grumpy voices of modern comedians and the unshaven tones of the serio-comic. They crack whiskey jests and poker quips. They are well posted in the jargon of the day and the gossip of the city. They are quite as vulgar as any of the full-fledged "raucous artists" who entertain us through the season. In fact, "Mother Goose" is something of a nuisance. The good old myths of our soothing story days do not take you back at all. They come to where you stand, aging, bewildered, wrinkling and unglad.

No, "Mother Goose" is not an entertainment for children. It is not at all juvenile. It is thoroughly grown-up, and at times it has all the stupidity of the modern adult extravaganza. When it is amusing, not a child would understand it. A rather clever burlesque of "The Musketeers," with Alexander Clark as D'Artagnan and Willard Simms—a very competent young character actor—as Miladi, was about the best thing offered. But it appealed to New Yorkers who had been religiously through the season, and it had nothing whatsoever to do with "Mother Goose."

"What is the Ancient Order of Hibernians?" asks one of the funny men. And the answer is,

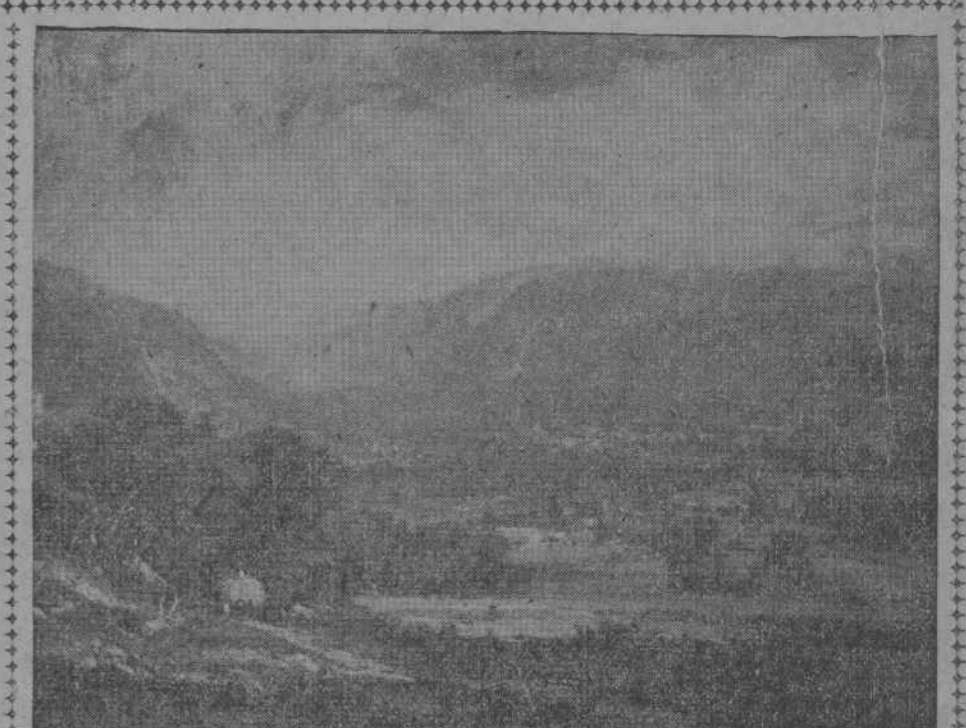


COUNTRESS HATZFELDT.

"Mother Goose" contains a great many songs and a considerable number of people. It cannot be said to be lavishly staged. Right in the region of cottonback goods it has drawn largely upon the resources of the region. The costumes were that beautiful, home-made look that somehow or other we admire more in bread than in gowns. Some of the Tireschorean twiflers wore gowns that must have cost at least seventy-five cents apiece. Marvels of dazzling cheesecloth and ribbons were they.

ing new; that we wear silk, wool and linen, and nothing better; that Descartes's idea, "I think, therefore I am," is in the Book of the Dead that is the epic of her epoch. Professor Harry Thurston Peck may pronounce the cabalistic words that will awaken her, if he wishes. She will not thank him.

The accessions to other galleries are an original drawing and an etching of Benjamin Franklin's portrait, gifts of George A. Lucas and of Samuel P. Avery; an old English Purdy muzzle-loading shotgun; a Grace-Roman bronze helmet, found on the coast of Sicily; nine Japanese embroideries representing idols, flowers, birds of paradise and dragons, the gift of Mrs. Ellen Josephine Banker;



"DELAWARE VALLEY," BY GEORGE INNESS.

circumflex accent inverted, his lips are whistling and his hands have tapering fingers artistic and intensely active, his beard is like a river. He does not recall Ary Scheffer's "Lucifer on the Mountain," nor Gavarini's "Devil," nor even the wise, disdainful, bitter, gloved "Pan" of the festivals of Athens. There his mask was attached to the branches of trees, and it was swayed by the wind. The word oscillate comes from that.

There the corners of his lips fell, his nose was flatter, his eyes were amazed. George Grey Bernard's "Pan" has an air of the masks of the devil that Japanese sculptors carve patiently in wood and in ivory. And as there is nothing more modern than Japan, Mr. Bernard's work is surely modern. To the hall at the west of the entrance to the museum the accessions are cups, vases and candelabra in Phoenician and Hymettian glass.

To the hall at the east of the entrance the accessions are Egyptian antiquities, the gift of England's Egyptian Exploration Fund. One may see there the mummy of Taou-Hor, who seems to say in her immobility that we have invented nothing.

a large silver vase, a sword, a gold medal, which were gifts of Queen Victoria to Henry Grinnell and to Captain Henry L. Hartstene.

There are Egyptian gold plaques, rings, bracelets and earrings, found in tombs at Kerch, the ancient Panticapaeum, in Crimea, Russia. There are musical instruments, seventy bronze medallions of Pierre Jean D'Angers, the gift of Samuel P. Avery; ivories and enamels, two Capo di Monte plaques, the gift of Charles G. Emery; a gold coin by Roly, clear as a Syracuse medal, inscribed "Patris Non Immemor," around an ideal head.

In the accessions of Greek, Etruscan and Roman terra cotta are a bacchanalian dance and a charming Ariadne. Her hair is dressed in the fashion of her sculptor's time. In Rome at its decline, the statues of the Emperors were made in that way. The fashions changed quickly then. The Government placed on the statues marble wigs. A style of art dressed like these statues should be combed every year. I know young men whose style is already three generations old and seems grotesque.

HENRI FENE DU BOIS.

### AGUINALDO AND WASHINGTON.

A Chicagoan, with a wild ferment in his brain and a frenzy in his rolling eye, has written a "leaflet" on "America's Apostasy," which is being distributed by the Society for the Suppression of Patriotism, otherwise known as Boston anti-expansionists. This extract from the "leaflet" will give an idea of its intellectual scope and the accuracy of its historical comparisons:

Aguinaldo is the George Washington of the Antipodes. As peerless a heart beats in the bosom of that dauntless young Malay as ever pulsed in the breast of the great Virginian.

The Father of His Country does not need any defence, but it is little less than sacrilegious to name him in the same breath with the Filipino sprinter. The trouble with the Chicago literateur, who has broken out into blank verse, and his Boston admirers, is that they have conceived an ideal patriot, who is battling for freedom against a cruel oppressor, and have named him Aguinaldo. There is no such character.

The Peal Aguinaldo is half coward, and the other half made up of cunning and deceit. He is trying to run a corner in liberty with the hope of selling out to the United States at a handsome advance. He has accepted bribes from the Spaniards, and now holds in a servitude worse than slavery thousands of prisoners for whose release he demands \$10,000,000, half the amount the United States paid Spain for the Philippines. This "dauntless young Malay" has more than \$300,000 deposited in the Hong Kong banks to his personal credit, and wherever he can add a dollar to that accumulation by treachery to his country he will do so.

All the exalting of the Anti-Imperial League of Boston cannot transform this scheming, murderous Filipino into a spotless Liberator.

### WHY HANNA FAVORS QUAY.

"Of course I am for Quay. Why shouldn't I be?" remarked Senator Hanna to an interviewer. Hanna's point is well taken. In the nature of things birds of a feather will flock together.

The political careers of these typical Republican leaders sustain an interesting parallel. Quay, as chairman of the National Republican Committee, raised a tremendous corruption fund and elected a President. Hanna, occupying a similar position, squeezed millions from the trusts, debauched the voters in a dozen States, and put McKinley in the White House.

Hanna occupies a seat in the Senate, secured for him by unscrupulous bargaining on the part of the national administration and the bribery of Ohio legislators. Quay was defeated for the Senate because sufficient votes could not be bought to elect him.

Hanna is right. There is every reason why he should favor Quay's burglarious attempt to regain his seat in the United States Senate.

### PROTECT THE PARKS.

This is the time when the authorities need to give special attention to the protection of the public pleasure grounds.

The trees and shrubs are in bloom, and Vandalism temptations on every hand. In Morningside Park, and doubtless wherever else similar opportunities exist, swarms of half-grown boys and girls descend upon the most beautiful masses of flowers and foliage, and, throwing out pickets to give warning of the approach of danger, they strip off the blossoms by armfuls. Not satisfied with that, they tear off great branches and break the shrubs down to the ground. In half a minute the ruin is done, and the young savages are off, leaving an irreparable wreck behind.

The park guards never see such things as this, but if a baby out with its mother picks a dandelion, or strays upon the grass, or digs with a toy shovel in the sand of a walk, the vigilant hand of authority descends upon the culprit and a stern voice announces that the rules must be obeyed.

For the next six weeks or two months the force of guards in all the parks should be largely increased, and special attention should be paid to the prevention of actual damage to flowering trees and shrubs. To do this the authorities can well afford to overlook nominal violations of the rules by little children under the care of parents or nurses. Picking dandelions does not hurt the parks—on the contrary, it helps the laws—and baby footsteps on the grass do no harm. The protection ought to last all night, instead of ending at 6 or 7 in the evening. The

flowers are there all night, and so are the hoodlums. To withdraw the guards at 6 is like letting a bank watchman go home in the evening, and leaving the door of the vault open.

The parks must be kept for the pleasure of the greater number, and especially for the children. There should be just one limit to childish pleasure in them, and that is the infliction of genuine damage. The line should be drawn at that point, with open hospitality on one side and vigorous repression on the other.

### ROMANS AS AWFUL EXAMPLES.

The Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody preached an able sermon on Sunday on the evils of divorce. In the course of his observations he remarked: "Rome fell and chaos reigned where the empire had stood, because Roman morals were at ebb tide."

Dr. Peabody's ideas are all right, but have not those poor old Romans been a little overworked? History is full of good examples on every side of every question. The art of the rhetorician consists in picking out those examples that help his argument and letting the others alone. In this case we fear the selection has not been made with due care.

The time when "Roman morals were at ebb tide," when "the sacredness of marriage was forgotten, divorce disintegrated families," and all the other social horrors that shock Dr. Peabody were prevalent, was the first century, A. D. That was when the Roman empire was at the height of its power and material glory. Rome fixed her own boundaries to suit her own convenience, and the barbarians outside were glad enough to be let alone, without venturing within to disturb the majesty of the Roman Peace.

The Rome that fell, the Rome of the fifth century, was a Rome Christianized, and, to a considerable extent, morally reformed. Worse yet, the progress of weakness was almost coincident with the progress of reform. Of course, that was merely an accident. What ruined Rome was financial exhaustion, brought about by the exactions of the tax-gatherers, and the substitution of a few slave-holding millionaires for a multitude of small proprietors. There are plenty of moral lessons to be drawn from the period of Roman decadence, but the work needs to be done with some discretion.

### THE NEED FOR ORGANIZATION.

It is unfortunate that the people, and even the thinkers among the people, take an interest in public affairs only at election times, and are entirely apathetic between. As things now stand the people suddenly find themselves compelled to choose between two bosses, who, when elected, proceed to utilize their political power in exploiting business opportunities.

This is undoubtedly true. The people are very little concerned about their political affairs, which nevertheless condition all their other affairs, their very bread and butter. It was not always so. The lyceum in the times of Wendell Phillips, and before his time, was a popular rostrum where which all the citizens of the neighborhood came together periodically to listen eagerly to the discussion by the ablest minds of the country of the most momentous moral, economic and political topics of the time. In this way chattel slavery was abolished.

But such interest apparently has almost ceased now. The Republican party continues to keep up a series of Republican clubs, but they do not appear very active. The Democratic, or the Reform, party, on the other hand, appears to have dropped entirely asleep, especially since the disintegration of the Populist party. If anything is to be accomplished now the people must be awakened, its thinkers must be summoned to gather together and discuss what is to be done and what should be proposed.

Organization is absolutely requisite, not merely an organization of ways and means for carrying the election, but, what is far more important, an organization for the exchange of ideas to frame a worthy programme for the next campaign.

### PUBLIC OWNERSHIP IN GREAT BRITAIN.

How much have the ratepayers saved by the municipalization of the water supply? Sir James Bell answered this question in 1890. Up to May of that year they had saved, in the domestic water rate

alone, \$3,250,000, in meter charges \$2,000,000, in trade charges \$600,000, making a good \$6,250,000 of money, putting it roundly, which has been left in the pockets of the ratepayers and trade consumers by the reductions of rates and charges effected in the course of the forty years of corporation management. The three years' additional savings since 1896 must bring up the total amount to \$7,500,000. But the savings that can be reckoned in money are trivial compared with the sanitary and social benefits that Glasgow has derived from the Loch Katrine supply.

The Gas Department can show results scarcely less satisfactory. We have now had thirty years' experience of municipal management of the gas supply, and while the price has been reduced by more than half, we have a system which for general efficiency and the pains taken to meet the wants and convenience of consumers could hardly be excelled. What the Tramway Department have done in improving the tramcar service and reducing fares is matter of common knowledge. We can only conjecture what the citizens have saved by the municipalization of these three departments alone. Fifteen million dollars would hardly be an extravagant guess.

And the Warwick News tells that out of a profit of \$70,000 on its investment in the South London street car system the London County Council is going to establish a six-day week for their employees, as well as raise the wages of the lower grades to a living wage. In addition fares have been reduced nearly one-half, the passengers having only a fare of one cent, and extra services have been put on.

At the meeting of the Dover Corporation it was stated that the result of the year's working of the municipal electric street cars was a sum of \$45,000 taken in one cent fares. A profit of over \$10,000 has been made, which goes toward the relief of the rates.

### Captain Austin Not a Coward.

To the Editor of the Journal: As your paper is friendly to the New York soldier boys I would feel grateful if you would publish this:

I notice that in the matter of the court martial of the officers of the Seventy-first Regiment Captain Austin's name is mentioned. How does Captain Austin figure in this? He certainly never refused to go to the front. I know this, and I can swear to it, that Captain Austin led his company right through to the front, but part of it got mixed up with the regulars and part with some of the members of the other battalions of the regiment. Captain Austin and about twenty-five men were on the hill before any members of the Seventy-first were there.

Ask Major Keck what did Captain Austin do after he (the Major) made the charge on the hill. The Major found Austin on the hill, and when he saw him there with some of his men he threw his arms around Captain Austin's neck and showed that he was greatly pleased.

This fact can be substantiated by the men who were there and by some of the men who came and saw Major Keck do it.

Cowardice attached to the name of Captain Austin is a mistake. There is not a captain in the regular or volunteer regiments who fought in Cuba as brave as he.

The regular army never did have any use for the volunteers, and so, to keep the volunteers from getting any credit whatever, they try to attach the stigma of cowardice to us. I know two regiments of regulars who know we were not cowards. Those are the members of the Sixth Infantry and Twenty-fourth (colored) Infantry. Inquire of them and hear what they will say. We of the Third Battalion of the Seventy-first were with the Sixth, Sixteenth and Thirtieth Infantry while the block house was being taken.

EDWARD KEEGIN, Late Corporal Seventy-first Regiment Volunteers. No. 74 P street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

### Kentucky Has a Franchise Tax Law.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I see in your issue of yesterday that Senator Ford, in his letter relating to the Public Franchise Tax law recently passed by the New York Legislature, says: "There is no precedent for it in this State or in the United States so far as I know." I wish to call his attention to a similar measure now in force in Kentucky, where I live. We had a Constitutional Convention in that State, which met in September, 1890, and sat nearly nine months. It fixed the limitations of taxation, laying down in precise terms the subjects and principles beyond which the Legislature should not go. I had the honor to sit in that body, and it is very gratifying to me to be able to say that I moved and succeeded in having incorporated into the new organic law a provision to the effect that nothing in it should "be construed to prevent taxation based on incomes, licenses and franchises." Following this lead, the Legislature has since enacted laws requiring the assessment of franchises, which are taxed by the State, counties and municipalities. With us all franchises are assessed by a State Board, which secures uniformity and leads to a valuation on a consistent principle, and not according to the whim or favor or prejudice of local assessment. Respectfully,  
W. M. BECKNER, Hotel Grenoble, New York, May 1.

### In Honor of Senator Ford.

Dear Sir:—In line with the sentiment of your editorial of yesterday, I wish to suggest that a dinner or a meeting—preferably the latter—should be held at an early date in honor of Senator Ford, Governor Roosevelt and the Journals which fought on the right side, for their great fight and glorious victory in the matter of the Franchise Tax bill.

It is as important to recognize the services of public men, when they do right, as it is to denounce their failure to serve, when they do wrong. Let us have a committee and a rousing demonstration in honor of the bill.

CHARLES FREDERIC ADAMS, New York City, May 1.

The Glasgow Weekly Mail of April 15 has the following on the growth of municipalization in Great Britain, which should be an object lesson to our citizens:

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